



February 2019

The Caretaker

Sarah Broadwater

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre_student_anthology

Recommended Citation

Broadwater, Sarah (2019) "The Caretaker," *SWOSU Sayre Student Anthology*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 6 , Article 42.
Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre_student_anthology/vol1/iss6/42

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Monographs at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in SWOSU Sayre Student Anthology by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

The Caretaker

By Sarah Broadwater

Like sun on my face, warm to the touch,
Wind through my hair, more than enough.
Timid leaves fall towards the cold, hard ground,
The winter frost a welcome to those who are found.
Wildflowers have wilted, their stems tangle the floor,
From my fingers have you slipped till you're here no more.
I grasped the withering beauty to keep it here with me,
But the seed of doubt was planted and faith I could not see.
Fear grew in your garden of lies,
A vicious weed I learned to despise.
The caretaker was magic in making the weeds disappear,
She groomed the watered flowers to keep you near.
A freeze was threatened--the garden not prepared,
It quenched the beauty till it was no longer there.
A caretaker no more, I soon became one with the night,
Sunken into the darkness of a wrong not made right.